

WIT AND HUMOR



Base Ingratitude.
Gracie, aged 5, had just recovered from measles when her small brother took the same complaint.
Upon becoming convalescent, he was sitting up munching a spongecake while his sister sat looking on.
By various means she tried to induce him to part with a bit of the dainty, but the invalid took no notice. He ate steadily on; but just as the last bites were disappearing Gracie could stand it no longer, and she exclaimed indignantly:
"Just look at him! He won't give me a crumb, and it was me that gave him the measles!"—Stray Stories.

His Sympathetic Neighbors.
"An Indiana woman who lost her voice several years ago was struck by lightning recently and the shock restored her speech. They say she hasn't stopped talking yet."
"Her husband must have been glad."
"I s'pose so. But all the other men are roasting him good because he didn't have lightning rods on his house."

The Aftermath.
Customer—You sold me a plaster a few days ago that you said would rid me of the lumbago.
Druggist—Well, didn't it do the work?
Customer—Yes, but now I want something that will rid me of the plaster.



The Comedian—He's an acrobat.
Soubrette—What's his specialty?
The Comedian—Jumping board bills.

NO COMPASSION EITHER.



Does she sing with feeling?
He—No; if she had any feeling she wouldn't sing.

Personal Liberty.
"So your family went to the sea shore this summer?"
"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox.
"Did you have a good time?"
"Fine. Stayed home, smoked a pipe in the parlor, ate onions whenever I wanted them, and played ragtime tunes on the music box. But I wouldn't have mother and the girls hear a word of all this for the world."

What Else, Indeed!
Towne—You never saw such a disgusted young couple. Their marriage is a dismal failure, you know.
Browne—Ah! they were married "under the rose," as it were, I believe.
Towne—Yes.
Browne—Well, what could they expect to find under the rose but thorns?

Strenuous Welcome.
"Yeas," said Remus Peach, "Ah ran away from home when Ah was little 'en last week Ah went back to see de old man."
"Did he fall on your neck?" asked his friend.
"Yeas, he fell a! over me, 'en when he got fro' he lifted me out on de sidewalk."

Knew Her Danger.
Smythe—You say she had the burglar covered with her revolver while her maid went to call the police; then how did it happen that he escaped?
Browne—Well, you see, the burglar was a foxy chap, so he said, suddenly: "Look out, there's a mouse!" While she was getting on a chair he got out.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.



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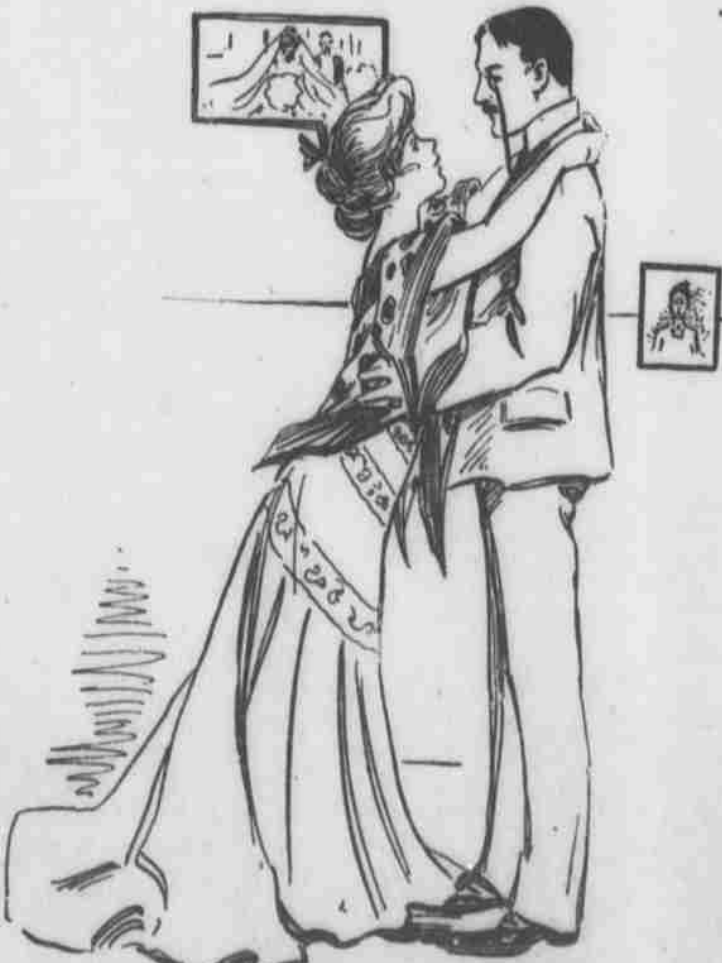
Three Days Behind.
"I heard to-day that your son was an undertaker. I thought you told me he was a physician?"
"Not at all."
"Not at all."
"I don't like to contradict, but I'm positive you did say so."
"You misunderstood me. I said he followed the medical profession."

Appreciative.
Miss Yerner—Of course, when you were in Paris you visited the Louvre.
Miss Giddle—Oh, yes; I spent hours there.
Miss Yerner—It must have been splendid.
Miss Giddle—Simply lovely. I found a quiet nook there and just sat and read novels by the hour.

Beyond Help.
Friend—I hear that Mr. Boaster, the oldest inhabitant, is sick.
Doctor—He is, and I fear that I can do nothing for him. He cannot remember a summer to match this one, and he seems to have lost all interest in life.

Tough Luck.
Sandy—Yep, I had a job near a mountain hotel as an echo.
Cinders—How'd yer come ter give it up?
Sandy—Why, a Chinaman came up der an' yelled, and I couldn't answer back.

GOT OUT OF IT EASY.



Mrs. Newwed—George, dear, all last night you were crying in your sleep. "Give me a highball! Give me a highball!"
Newwed—Guess I was dreaming I was—er—er—playing baseball.

A Cautious Creed



"My boy," said Uncle Hiram, "you should learn while yet you're young a chap can dodge much trouble by a good grip on his tongue.
I've noticed that the fellows who with joy keep most in touch
Are those who over gossip never comment very much.
Of course, one don't grow chummy with a man of quiet type,
Unbosom secrets to him o'er a bottle or a pipe.
Yet, my boy, you're bound t' notice as your years of youth slip by
That the man who keeps his mouth shut never gets a blackened eye."

"There must be some connection 'tween a man who's quick t' speak
His thoughts on all occasions and a bruised spot on the cheek."
For it's chaps who're allers talkin' when horse-sense would quite forbid
Whose skin goes into mournin' on their optics' under lid.

It may at first be hard, my boy, the stream of talk t' shun,
Perhaps by bein' quiet you will miss a lot o' fun;
But there's this sweet compensation which the wise man won't deny:
He who's learned t' keep his mouth shut never gets a blackened eye.

"An' so, your Uncle Hiram, with an eye t' your success,
Would fain this little lesson on your youthful mind impress:
Think twice ere you opinions reach on things men talk about,
An' then—for pity's sakes, my boy, don't ever speak them out!
It may look idiotic in a man t' smile an' blink,
An' never say a word out loud of what he's comin' t' think;
But the god of facial beauty's apt t' nudge him on the sly,
Since the man who keeps his mouth shut never gets a blackened eye!"
—ROY FARRELL GREENE
in New York Times.

Wore Her Widow's Weeds

"My first church," says a certain eloquent and greatly beloved Washington clergyman, "was in a small country town, and before I learned the hearts of my parishioners, their ways used to upset my gravity at the most inopportune time. I shall never forget the first funeral at which I officiated. It was that of a man who had been stricken down in the prime of life, leaving a widow, who had been an almost bed-ridden invalid for years. The services were conducted at the home of the deceased, and when I appeared I was told that the widow was too ill to leave her bed, so, in order that she might hear my discourse, I was asked to stand near a half-open door which led into her bedroom. I had admired the dead man for his sturdy Christian qualities, and every word of the eulogy I delivered came straight from my heart. As I went on with my talk I suddenly remembered the widow, and turned toward her door in order that she might hear better. I had not seen her, but as I looked toward her room my eyes fell on her, and for full half a minute I was obliged to bury my face in my handkerchief. She was lying in bed,

her arms in their white cambric sleeves stretched out on the counterpane, and on her head was a new mourning bonnet, with a long crepe veil. She was not able to be dressed, but wear a widow's bonnet she could, and did.

"My first wedding, too, was an event long to be remembered," went on the same clergyman. "It was performed at my house, and the bride and bridegroom were perfect strangers to me. She was fully six feet tall, and broad in proportion, while his head reached scarcely to her shoulders as they entered the room. I learned afterward that she was extremely sensitive about the disparity in their sizes, and I had good reason to believe it, for, as they came forward to take their places, and the witnesses began to come in, the bridegroom paused and moved a chair forward. The bride looked at me in great embarrassment. Then she seated herself resolutely.

"I'm feeling faint," said she. "If you don't mind, I think I'll take it sitting."
"And with as much gravity as I could muster, I married her sitting."
—Washington Post.

Site of Ancient Babylon

Dr. Friedrich Delitsch, who has achieved world-wide renown by his oriental researches, recently delivered a lecture at Berlin, at which the German emperor and empress were present, on his personal observations during his recent six months' journey in Babylon and a comparison of conditions to-day with those of Biblical times.
Ancient Babylon, he said, was the alluvial land of the Euphrates and the Tigris region, about equal in size to the Italy of to-day, and was the granary of the ancient world, with a phenomenal wealth of vegetation and palm forests and olive orchards and vineyards. Canals dug in various directions served to store the waters and to irrigate the land and at the same time were the avenues of commerce and trade. Indeed, the Babylon of the Biblical period was the Holland of antiquity. Every king found his glory in the extension of his waterway system, and from the days of Hammurabi through many centuries the work of the ruler in this regard proved to be the greatest blessing to the country. The whole country was

practically one vast garden, northward from Babylon, between Hillel and Bagdad, according to the wonderful reports of Xenophon, Ammianus Marcellinus and Zosimus, the last mentioned finding as late as the fifth Christian century vast vineyards and olive groves throughout the land. In the times of the early Arabian califs no fewer than 360 cities and villages are mentioned by name along these canals, and the booty in gold taken here was many hundred weight. Pliny declares this to have been "the most fruitful land in the East."

Now, on the other hand, it is a dreary desert, the playground of the storms and winds. In the southern portions there are still some remnants of the canals left, but the two famous rivers, Euphrates and Tigris, are no longer connected, and between Bagdad and Bassora a few English steamboats can scarcely force their way. The country is depopulated, poverty and sickness prevail among the Kurds and the Arabs and no physician is to be found for many miles. The localities in southern Babylonia that were once the centers of the great caravan trade are now entirely deserted.

A Fine "Health Resort"

Gross details of a man-eating orgy are furnished in the annual report on British New Guinea, which has just been presented to the commonwealth parliament. The information is supplied by a resident magistrate, before whom six natives had been brought charged with murder and cannibalism.
Two women and a boy were the witnesses. Laido, one of the women, swore that the people of her village had eaten four neighboring villagers. The victims were two men and two women who had come ashore at Laido's village in a wrecked canoe.
They were gotten out of the canoe, said Laido, and a man named Lakapona speared one of the men.
"Then came Taubara," the woman continued. "He took his tomahawk and killed the other man with two blows upon the neck. Warwarubu then killed a woman with a blow of a tomahawk. He held her hair in one hand and struck her on the neck with a tomahawk held in the other hand.

Gilinna then killed the other woman, also by a blow with a tomahawk.
"I saw those four people killed. I saw with mine own eyes the four men I have named kill them. When the four persons were dead the people made a big fire and scorched their bodies on it.
"Then they cut pieces off with knives and put these pieces into pots and cooked them. And when they were cooked the people—and there were many—sat down and ate of the flesh."
Had these people done her people any injury? Laido was asked. No, she said; it was deliberate, cold-blooded murder.
"Let us kill these people" one of the murderers had said, "but no one is to talk about it, because of the police and the government that will come and punish us."
In view of this occurrence it is interesting to note that New Guinea is officially recommended as a charming health resort.